

# JUNGLE BEASTS DON'T SCARE THIS DARING WOMAN

Treed by Trumpeting Elephant for Two Days and a Night, She Still Goes 50-50 With Her Explorer Husband---Developed Spirit of Hunt by Chasing Rabbits in Girlhood

Mrs. Osa Johnson, a most charming woman. At left, on a water buffalo, she appears chic. At right Mrs. Johnson is shown with Kilo-watt perched on her movie camera.

By Adoption of Orangs and Other Wild Pets This Happy Pair Have a Household Peculiar to Themselves---Off for India Next After Many Adventures in Borneo



By JANE DIXON.

ADVENTURE is no longer an exclusive privilege of the trousered tribe. The wide world calls--and to women. In a city smart apartment, on the edge of the once hidebound and convention encrusted Washington Square district, a woman lounged in a deep-armed tapestry chair and related experiences as thrilling as ever illumined the pages of a three-ply thriller.

Mrs. Osa Johnson, wife of Martin Johnson, co-worker and fellow enthusiast in her husband's voyages of exploration into uncharted corners of the earth, is blazing a trail where many a future feminine foot may tread.

It's considerable of a hop from Independence, Kan., to Ceylon, India, and to Tibet," remarked Mrs. Johnson, her brown, close cropped curls shaking amused accompaniment to meditation. "Seems even longer when you leap by way of the Solomon Islands, the Cocoanut Isles, the Hebrides and Borneo. But I love every mile of it."

"Then you are really going with your husband into the elephant lands of India?" was the interviewer's query.

"Indeed I am," came the decisive reply. "Martin isn't going to have all the fun in this family. I have proved to him I can go any place he can go, and that my presence is a help instead of a hindrance. I believe the sentiment of that oldtime song, 'The Girl I Left Behind Me,' is all wrong. Much rather have my husband hum 'She's My Pal.'"

Mrs. Johnson smoothed out the folds of her fashionable Fifth Avenue lace frock and glanced up mischievously through lashes only a shade darker brown than her eyes.

**Two Days and a Night in Tree**  
**Prisoned by Trumpeting Elephants**

"Ever hear about the time we were treed by elephants in Borneo? No? Talk about excitement--why an Army-Navy game isn't in it. We had been following this herd of elephants for weeks. Every time they pitched camp in some verdant spot for a while we did the same. Regular game of tag, only, unfortunately, we were tagged."

"One morning early we had started stalking the big grey fellows. Things were getting pretty tight. We knew there would be a showdown before many hours. Suddenly, without warning, we came upon the herd. There was no time for prepared defence. The only thing we could do was to make for the trees and climb."

"The British Government had sent a representative with us into the interior. Lucky for us they did. When the elephants charged, Martin beat all monkey records for tree altitude. He pulled me after him, the British guide pushed, and together they hoisted me out of danger. I thought surely the poor English chap was going to lose a foot."

"We stayed up in our tree two days and a night while the elephants trumpeted their chagrin from below. Just to show us how angry they were, they pulled up small trees and undergrowths by the roots and tossed them at us."

"We might have been there yet if those great beasts had not lost patience and given us up as a bad job. The minute we were assured they had departed to a safe distance we slid down that tree and evaporated. I don't suppose the stupid elephants realize they lost their one opportunity to break into the movies. Why, dozens of boys and girls here at home would give almost anything to be starred in a film story, which was exactly what we intended to do with the elephants."

"Did you enjoy the experience?" "Immensely--afterward. Of course I might have stayed on out in Independence and spent those days in the tree embroidering lunch cloths at the Tuesday Afternoon Sewing Society. Or I might have been here in New York playing bridge or taking in a movie."

"Only, as I see it, angry elephants are a heap more exciting than 'no trumps' or the latest musical comedy or even the most recent drama."

"Then, too, I prefer to do my share toward the family fun and fortune. Being a silent partner in my husband's successes does not appeal to me. Martin has made a business of adventure. My ambition is to share fifty-fifty in his accomplishments."

At this point in the chat a persistent knocking sounded down the hall. "My little girl, Bessie," explained Mrs. Johnson. "If you will pardon me I will see what she wants. Or perhaps you would like to meet her. She is getting dreadfully spoiled. She has formed a tremendous appetite for mashed potatoes. If she does not get them when she thinks they are due she raises an awful rumpus."

At the end of the hall passage Mrs. Johnson threw open a door. There, in the middle of the room, stood a large, brown, hairy creature with beady bright eyes, wide grinning lips drawn tight across a set of great ivory teeth and long arms swinging loosely to within a few inches of the floor.

"Now, Bessie," protested my hostess, "how can you forget your company manners so? Haven't I told you not to hammer on the door when we have guests?"

Bessie came forward, thrust out one great paw, curled her arm affectionately about the neck of the dainty little woman with the soft voice. She hung her head. She rubbed the other great paw lightly across the folds of lace.

"Bessie," explained the lady from Independence, "is our most precious possession. She is a young orang-outang. We met her first away out in Borneo. She was swinging from a rotan vine in the top of a tropical tree. She didn't want to come with us at first, but we caught her and dragged her into camp. Poor baby! She was only two years old and didn't know there were such goodies as mashed potatoes in the world."

"All Bessie needed was a bit of kind treatment. We made her one of the family there in the wilds. She took to civilization like a fuzzy duck to a pond. At first Mr. Johnson carried her around on his arm, but she has grown so fast and so large she has to do her own walking nowadays. Bessie speaks English, too, with a jungle accent. Most persons cannot understand her, but we can. Such an affectionate youngster. You couldn't help being attached to her."

**Wah-Wah and Cuss-Cuss Are**  
**Members of the Johnson Family**

Bessie looked up from her dish of mashed potatoes, paused in the transfer of a gob of her favorite fruit to her mouth by way of her giant forefinger, and chattered a guttural appreciation.

Bessie's thanks brought strange answering chatters from an adjoining room.

"There are more members of our family," said Mrs. Johnson, beckoning me toward another door. "Meet our little friend Morty, the wah-wah, and his buddy Howard, the cuss-cuss. Both distinguished citizens of Borneo. Howard is a regular screen actor. When we discovered him in the jungle he ambled right out in front of the camera and pulled all his cute bear tricks. The click of the machine didn't bother him a bit. He is a born performer. He was so cunning we brought him along. Morty, on the contrary, was camera shy. He had to be shoed into the set. But he has recovered mighty fast. Now you simply can't keep him off the screen."

"What is a wah-wah?" a tabloid edition of an ape, funny little fellow, so human he startles you. And a cuss-cuss? Borneo's



Above, at left, is the woman explorer with a baby black bear; at right, with her pet ape.



contribution to the teddy bear collection, furry little brown puffball with a million dollar's worth of cub comedy in his system.

Back in the cosy library with its trophies of the hunt picturing the walls and the lady of strange adventure performing feminine rites of the tea table with all the grace of an accomplished daughter of drawing rooms, Mrs. Johnson drifted into reminiscence.

"When Mr. Rufus S. Cole of the Robertson-Cole Company asked Mr. Johnson to under-

take an expedition into Borneo in behalf of the R.-C. firm, my husband hesitated. We were just back from the Solomon Islands, where a cannibal tribe had held us prisoners until we were rescued by a British man-of-war."

"I suspect Mr. Johnson was a trifle nervous about taking another such chance of having me centred as the *piece de resistance* of some tribal feast heard of or occupying that place himself while I reigned as the favorite of a native chief."

"When I heard of the offer I urged my husband to accept. My toes were itching for the feel of the coral sands. Civilization had begun to pall. Reluctantly he agreed to undertake the journey and permit me to accompany him."

"No hat boxes or wardrobe trunks cluttered our baggage. I had learned long ago to adopt the native costume of whatever country we happened to explore. What a glorious feeling! No worry about whether your gown sets right in the back or if the ostrich feathers on your chapeau need curling."

"Our permanent headquarters in Borneo was a tiny two-roomed hut built of bamboo and palm leaves. I washed, ironed, and did most of the cooking. The native chef's idea of a meal is confined to fish and rice. He can do more things with these two bases than the king of the Ritz-Carlton kitchens can achieve with a cartload of personally conducted edibles. Rice for an appetizer, rice soup, rice entree, rice roast, rice dessert and wind up with a tray of rice sweetmeats. A grain of rice is to the South Sea Islanders what a bean is to Mexico."

"My costume consisted of an upper garment of linen or cotton cloth, nothing more than a sack with a top hole in it for the head and two side holes for the arms. This

garment, reaching slightly above the knees, was the sole covering worn by most of the natives. I added a pair of khaki breeches and light cotton or linen one piece undergarments."

"There was no necessity of mending my silk stockings, because there were no silk stockings to mend. I wore the nether garment of the current Broadway chorus, flesh colored, *en naturel*, and a pair of native sandals. Much of the time I went bareheaded, allowing my hair to hang straight or braiding it, until I discovered the desirability of clipping it short. In the blazing sun I protected my head with a broad, cool native hat woven of palm leaves."

"Once, for a period of seven months, Mr. Johnson and myself were on an island with 4,000 blacks, and not a white man or a word of English except as spoken to each other, in all that time. Lonely? Never. Any time I felt the call of home I took my camera, went out and found a hundred fascinating reasons why I should be where I was."

"We've hacked our way through the jungle for days. We've forded swift running streams and others whose slumberous depths beld who knows what sharp or poisonous fate. We've pushed aside clinging tropical growth to see the python dozing in glistening coils repose along the giant branches of the banyans. We've marvelled at a myriad orchids purpling the walls of some hidden grove or drifting through the tangled trees like winter snows. We've watched the flashes of scarlet and green and blue and gold bird creatures parroting the news of our invasion to their forest comrades. We have known the shudder of fear, the sigh of relief, the thrill of accomplishment. The thought that I should never again partake of the adventure of life in strange lands among strange peoples would make me miserable. I love my explorings as a musician does his music or a painter his pictures. Every man to his game, and every woman, too."

**No Special Aptitude for Exploring,**  
**But Was Always a Tomboy**

Mrs. Johnson was asked if she had any special preparation for her work in the femininely rare field of exploration.

"No," said she. "Mother tells me certain of her friends out in Independence used to remonstrate with her over what they believed was my inclination to be a tomboy. I found it lots of fun to chase jack rabbits through the fields, and I had a speaking acquaintance with all the birds and horses and dogs and cats in the neighborhood."

"When I reached the ripe age of fifteen I met Mr. Johnson. He had lately returned from his voyage around the world with Jack London on the forty-three foot schooner the Shark. Naturally he was a great hero in my mind."

"We married and settled down in a little home. I was so young I couldn't understand why it was not quite fair for me to spend most of the time with mother. My husband decided the proper way to make me grow up was to take me on a long trip. So I donned long dresses and high hair and away we skipped to the South Sea Islands. They haven't decided yet out in Independence whether I am a world beater or just plain crazy. I thought of taking Bessie with me for a visit to mother, but Martin advised me to use discretion. No doubt he was right. Bessie would have been a bit more than Independence could understand."

A few weeks and the Martin Johnsons will be on their way to the elephant regions of India. Their purpose is to film the beasts in their native haunts. Mr. Johnson will be head camera man. Mrs. Johnson will be first assistant. They will share, Osa and Martin Johnson, alike in the fruits of their adventure.

Who says "It's a man's world?"

## Riot of Color in Paris Dresses Will Continue

By STERLING HEILIG.

Special Correspondence to THE NEW YORK HERALD.

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PARIS, March 22.

THEY say that women next summer will wear as violent colors and loud contrasts as do the great ladies of Morocco.

Here are the colors which they are really wearing in Paris this spring and repeating, already exaggerated, at Nice. This means the bona fide great personages of society and the colors also of the rich stuffs which the big houses of the Rue de Sentier hold in stock for their next summer's dresses.

At the opening night of "Maman Colibri" at the Governmental Theatre Francaise the wife of the French President, Mme. Millerand, wore a one color gown of silver cloth draped with mole colored mousseline de soie with silver embroidery. Two leading opera stars also wore silver cloth gowns--Yvonne de Bray, with mother of pearl spangles, and Marguerite Carre, with gray embroidery.

This silver cloth, it may be said further, was the striking color note in the gowns of the occasion--best indication possible how these new high notes are glittering into the harmony of dress. A President's wife, as we know (we call her the first lady of the land), must think of dignity in dress as well as of beauty, unpretentiousness and her personal taste. Mme. Millerand, after deep reflection, stands by the bright tints and loud contrasts in which femininity will flash against the drab tones of existence.

**Light Colored Velvet Gowns Prevail**  
**At the Interallied Club's Dinner**

In a word, an epoch is being marked these days. The same week, at a dinner followed by a soiree at the aristocratic Interallied Club, light colored velvet gowns were much in evidence--mauve pink predominating. Mme. Philippe Berthelot, whose husband has been the chief adviser of the French Foreign Office in recent negotiations with Lloyd George, wore a gown entirely in silver gauze, with an orange pink girdle falling behind it as a train. This was matched

by a wreath of silver leaves in the hair, with a cluster of fine pearls on the left.

At a soiree of her own, Cecile Sorel, a star who has a great eye for tendencies, wore a pink and silver broche gown trimmed with falling silver lace--"like a shining cascade of dew!"

On all such occasions a great deal of bright spangled galleons, drooping down over the ears in artistic designs, has been worn in the hair. At the governmental Grand Opera's first production since the war of Wagner's "Valkyrie," Mme. Louis Barthelemy, whose husband is Minister of War, wore a flat ribbon of diamonds as a head-dress. It was a night of diamonds in women's hair, worn mostly in devices like crowns. The gowns were notably of what is called night blue, with spangles. And a number of such gowns were conspicuously bright spangled from neck to knee.

A sensational gown was simplicity itself--excepting for color and treatment. It was of unbroken rose taffetas with a sleeveless bodice, flat and tight, the cloth of the short skirt clipped into rose petals, with a large panel of rose petals falling to the feet.

**Actresses Never Set the Styles.**

**But Often Exploit Them Best**

An actress never sets the styles. She can't. How can she? But the actress being, in the nature of things, a supermannequin, or higher species of cloak model, and being always on the lookout, spurred by business interests and directed by trained intelligence, many actresses, and some more than others, have opportunities to display well in advance the new tendencies which they perceive so quickly, as well as particular "creations" which are definitively "taking" at the hour they wear them. Rich society ladies are always ahead of such actresses; but the actresses are seen by the greater public. One such is Berthe Bovy of the Theatre Francaise.

Berthe Bovy, therefore, at the Theatre Francaise, has just worn a gown which is publicly pronounced to be "divine."

I take note only of its color--black taffetas with mother of pearl embroidery. What, what? you say, black and mother of pearl? Just wait a minute--and "fire colored" splashes! They are little ornamental splashes of a new "fire colored" satin. Every-

body said: "This is what we are coming to!"

And thus do we come to it. A new cut of waist, called a "blouse vest," has come in, to show off this idea of loud color splashes--in the opening of a jacket or a tailor made coat. These "blouse vests" are made of supple, shimmering stuffs, with vivid color designs, Chinese flowers, embroideries, pleated and folded ribbons, narrow galleons and shining buttons.

Some of these vivid colors are quite new. Others have already been seen, in "reception pajamas" of heavy satin, and, previously, in certain linings of "exclusive" dressy wraps. Now they enter the full life of femininity by way of the little "blouse vests" which every one, even mere men, will soon be noticing.

And now the step further. It has already been taken. There is no withdrawing. Parade gowns, for great occasions, already display the yet louder color effects originally referred to. They are so vivid that their like has not been seen, it may be confidently affirmed, since the wild old days of color and romance in the courts of the French and the Italian Renaissance!

It is color riot all along the line.

Festoons of roses around the low waistline are already familiar to the eye. And vines with leaves and grape clusters, and brilliant full blown artificial flowers, not buds, and drooping ostrich feathers, and falling rose sprays, all are being used to drape the female form "divinely."

Such evening gowns present their own curious variations of the new color schemes. Light, yielding stuffs of screeching tints are draped with black lace and a fringe girdle to tone down their callopie hymnings. Sumptuous velvet is embroidered with pearls or silver or draped with showy Spanish lace.

**Headgear of All Shapes**

**Colorful as the New Gowns**

Headgear, be sure and in all its new shapes--is being made to use as much loud color as can possibly be lodged on the lovely head. Fruits--shining brick red cherries, sick Chinese dwarf oranges, and purple grapes with the velvet bloom on 'em, and flowers such as no millionaire's hothouse ever grew--king's blue, live lilac, red maroon, pink porto, prophet green and, goodness knows what colors, all good strong ones

and no pastels, are seen on ladies' hats. And, it is affirmed, they have come to stay. Nothing else in sight.

The great thing, just now--and you see it at the first glance in Nice--is to make the loud flowers swear horribly at the noisy fruits, so to speak, on the same gentle lady's head. A bright red-pink cabbage rose huddles up to a bunch of shrieking purple cherries. Dark pansies lie on the edge of grape clusters of a golden color that makes your head swim. Clustering pink and yellow apples whoop from a daisy wreath.

An authority in colors says that in his belief women never before, in any country, climate or age, have worn such bright colors or so many of them, and such juxtapositions of colors on their persons.

A few years ago the cemetery of the Roman Emperor Hadrian's splendid court in Egypt, by the Nile, was excavated, and the dry and had preserved intact the bright colors of its great ladies' last finery. This of the legend, and the romance, and the opera, was one of them: that is to say, the real Thais was found. Color schemes were there found with them which made Paris dressmakers recoil with wonderment and doubt that they could ever "take"--that women could, would or would dare wear them. Such as wide strips of garnet red on apple green.

All right. This year, Thais herself would admit that the modern world has gone old Egypt one better!

### Mirror or Window

It appears that some time ago there was invented a mirror that can be made translucent at will, so that when placed in a show window it at first reflects the faces of persons looking in, but suddenly turns transparent, whereupon the spectators see the contents of the window in place of their own reflections. This is effected by means of a thin film on the back of the glass, which, when the background is dark, reflects the light but when the background is illuminated becomes as invisible as a pane of clear glass.